CHAPTER IX.

She put her stores in little crannies of the rock wall, brought a tin kettle of water from the spring and set it to heat on the fire. Jacqueline watched her, and the long-legged, red-haired girl, with her mischievous eyes and turned-up nose, seemed now like some angel of light.

"Oh, Vic," she said, at last, "since Joe Raby knows so much about the cave, will he not be sure to think of it as our probable hiding place when missed from the stone house?"

"Maybe," Vic admitted, "but don't you go half way to meet any trouble to-night, miss! Just tell me all you saw on the beach, and I'll know whether the crack on your head made you luny, or if there's really new mischief afoot on the island."

Jacqueline told her story, and Vic listened, pouring the narrator a cup of tea the while, and pressing upon her a breast of roast fowl and part of a wheaten loaf.

"St. George!" Vic pondered. "Yes, miss, that's the name that was on the letter Mrs. Trevor sent by me to I see it all plain Watchhaven! enough. She told him to come at nightfall, because Raby is off his guard, so to speak, about that time; and she told him, too, to avoid the pier, and make for the little beach under the rocks. Yes, that's straight. You didn't dream it! Now, the Lord only knows whether Mrs. Trevor and the man got off or not. I'm sure I hope Mr. St. George cracked Peter's head, but he didn't, or you and I have found the remains. When I came down the rocks, whistling to you, I didn't see a soul nor

"I'm afraid," shivered Jacqueline, That something dreadful happened after I lost consciousness. Those ruffians never let Mrs. Trevor escape.' 'Maybe not," assented Vic, "but

don't you distress yourself any more about it. I want to make you comfortable for the night. Eat a little of the chicken-do. It's good, though that black Portugee woman cooked it, and won't she buzz like a mad hornet when she finds it gone from her pantry!'

"Vic, how long must we stay on this Dragon's Nose?"

"That depends, miss-till it's possible to get off, I 'spects. At a pinch, I can steal Raby's skiff, and row you to mainland—that is, if the weather holds good. Now you lay down and rest, and we'll talk more about this matter in the morning."

Vic's cheerfulness was mostly assumed. She was a shrewd girl, and she fully realized Jacqueline's peril. that rabbit-burrow of a cave. Dead- running through his clouded brain. man's Island knew no will of Philip Trevor.

The fire burned low and left a bed of embers that shone softly in the gloom. The sea wind blew through the mouth of the cave and tossed the shadows of the cedars to and fro in but the murmur went on, and she the moonlight. Vic, stretched on a blanket near Jacqueline, heard the sudden lap of water.

"Tide's coming in!" she said, "and at high water we're cut off from Deadman's. I'd better go out and take a look around before we fall asleep.

Jacqueline had no mind to be left alone in the cave. She started up and signified her intention of following Vic. The two went together. The tide was fast running into the channel. It was easy to see that in storms a formidable surf would drive through the passage. The moon shone brightly on the vast waters. "Look!" said Vic, suddenly catch-

ing Jacqueline by the dress, "oh. look, miss-round the point there!' Out from the shadow of Dead-

man's Island a dark object came into view drifting toward the entrance of the channel. It was a boat, but empty and oarless. The tide, which here set strongly toward the passage, was sweeping the small craft in the same direction-tossing is up and down, like a cockle shell

'Good Lord!" cried Vic, in a sudden excitement. "I know that boat! It's Jim Bumpus' Victory-named for me. It's got adrift from Watchhaven. I wonder what strange wind blew is over to Dragon's Nose?"

She tore off shoes and stockings and gathering her skirts, prepared to wade out and secure the prize.

"A few minutes ago we were wondering how we'd ever leave the Nose," she said. "Now the way is plain, miss-we'll go in Jim's boat, to be sure!"

"Let me help you!" implored Jacqueline, but Vic waved her back.

"No, you'll get wet. I'm used to such things. I'll bring her in all right. Jim will have to pay me sal-

vage. She dashed out into the water and made for the drifting boat, which curtsied, shied, evaded her. Waist deep in the brine, Vic clutched and secured it at last. Jacqueline ran to assist in drawing the prize to land. The task was so difficult that Vic uttered an exclamation of disgust. Not till the boat was properly secured did either of the girls look into it. Then they saw, prone in the bottom, the body of a man, gagged, bound, bleeding and apparently dead. His eyes were closed, his face like gray ashes. It was George St. George.

## CHAPTER X.

Together Jacq teline and her companion cut the rope that bound the man, removed the gag, dragged him out of the boat and carried him, a house and gained no end of trouble dead weight, to the cave. His flesh | -all because of me." was still warm, his heart still beat bullet plowed in his cheek, and an my plan: We'll lay low to-day and uned by German soldiers. -

lugly cut under his blonde hair. With deft fingers they bandaged his wounds-then looked expressively at each other.

"Is this the man you saw on the beach with Mrs. Trevor?" asked Vic. "Yes," answered Jacqueline. .

"It's plain that Peter and Joe fell on him together, shot and cut him, as you see, then dumped him into the boat, and set it adrift, expecting that he'd find a grave in the water. And the tide brought him round the island to Dragon's Nose.

"But what have they done with Mrs. Trevor?'

"Killed her, most likely, and if we don't look sharp after this man his death will be at their door, too. He's hurt in the head, you see. We'll have our match to bring him to, miss."

They worked with a will, however, made him a bed with all the blankets they had, and, woman-like, forgot their own troubles to minister to one yet more needy. In view of the treatment given to St. George their own situation assumed a grave aspect. They had to deal with lawless men, who would stop at nothing.

Vic sallied forth again in the moonlight and returned with a piece of driftwood - the fragment of a mast from some lost ship. This she fixed as a barrier in the mouth of the cave. She lighted the fire again and snuffed the candle. A watch must be kept till morning, and the girls determined to assume it in 'turn. Jacqueline looked down at the prostrate figure of St. George and thought of the Cornish lane where she had first met him - of Aunt Bradshaw-of Doris, anxiously waiting for news in the Wingate house. Her heart swelled within her. And Mrs. Trevor had been this man's wife -she had forsaken him for Philip Trevor. It was terrible-more like

a wild nightmare than reality.

The hours dragged on; the lights and shadows flickered weirdly in the Jacqueline slept while Vic cave. watched; then awoke to keep vigil in turn, and give the faithful Vic her period of rest. Outside, the sea foamed through the channel, the wind groaned in the cedars. Within St. George lay in a stupor, faintly muttering from time to time. Jacqueline wet his lips with spring water. and assiduously bathed his wrists to keep down the fever which was working in his veins. She had somewhere heard that cold applications to the leaping pulse would reduce the temperature, and other remedy she had none.

About midnight his voice became audible. Vic was still sleeping. It fell to Jacqueline to listen alone. Some lines from an old play seemed He quoted, in a broken tone:

"Oh, ye gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And snatch them straight away?" Jacqueline did not want to listen,

could not shut her ears. "The fire is burned out, Edith.

Once you were heaven itself to menow you are less than nothing." And again, in a tone of poignant distress, "For God's sake, don't talk of Basil, for then I have no pity for you! mad wife—a worse mother!"

Silence for a space; she hoped he had fallen asleep, but once more he tossed restlessly and cried:

"Where is Miss Hatton? Would you have me leave her here in this wolf's den? God forgive me for ever | you want?" directing her here!-I shall not soon forgive myself! Her face would melt a stone man, but not Philip Trevor." And last of all she heard these faint words:

"A woman like that might have

made my life worth living." Toward morning Vic relieved her and Jacqueline lay down in a corner of the cave and slept heavily. When she awoke Vic was just entering the door with a pail of foaming milk.

"I know where the cows are kept," she chuckled. "We need this for our coffee, and we must coax the sick man to take a little. He's been saying a lot of queer things-he seems awfully mixed in his mind."

Jacqueline performed her ablutions at the spring under the cedars. The morning was blushing over a smooth sea. The gulls screamed on the ledges; the waves murmured softly about Dragon's Nose. Peace and security appeared to reign everywhere: but, alas! St. George, stretched delirious on his blankets, was sufficient proof of the dangers that still encompassed the occupants of the

cave. A cup of coffee and a morsel of bread made Jacqueline's breakfast. St. George drank the milk which his anxious nurses held to his lips. They bathed his wounds and bandaged them anew, smoothed his hard bed and sighed because they could do no

more. "He needs a doctor and medicine, said Jacqueline; "he will die without them. Vicky."

"There ain't a doctor mearer than the mainland," replied Vic, ruefully, 'but I know of a medicine chest 😂 the stone house, and when night comes I'll go there and fetch him a supply. Besides, I must find a pair of oars for the Victory. Skipper Joe has more than once offered me all his worldly goods, and himself along with 'em, but I ain't greedy-I'll take only the cars, and maybe a few other trifles that we need just now."

"Vic." said Jacqueline, sadly, "you have lost your place at the stone

"Pooh!" replied Vic. "I was sick feebly. They washed the blood from enough of the place - I am glad his face and found the furrow of a enough to be out of it. Now hear

tend the sick man, and at dark I'll fetch the oars. Then we'll wrap Mr. St. George in the blankets and lay him in the boat. The weather is blessed calm, you see, and there's no sign of a change. I can row the Victory to Watchhaven all right. The moon is near full, and before twelve o'clock we can all be in the Bumpus house, and Jim will bring a doctor for Mr. St. George, and there'll be nothing more to fear for any of us."

Jacqueline's spirits rose. "You excellent girl," she answered. You put new life into me! I shall return home defeated, and poorer, by far, than when I set forth to recover my fortune, but I no longer care for that. My sister, by this time, is wild with anxiety for me. and when we are in each other's arms again we shall be far too happy to remember my failure."

For St. George's sake, even more than for her own, Jacqueline prayed that the plan of escape might not

miscarry. Night came and Vic made ready to leave the cave.

"Don't get lonely, miss, while I'm away!" she pleaded. "I'll not be long, and I'll do my best to find out what's become of Mrs. Trevor-for it's likely the sick man will want to know that if he ever recovers his senses.'

"Vic, some one will see you and you will be seized and locked up, as I was, and then what will become of me here with this dying man?"

"Lor', don't you fear, miss-I can hold my own against every son of darkness on Deadman's Island!" replied intrepid Vic, and Jacqueline. from the door of the cave watched her faithful ally cross the rocks to the main island and plunge into the spruce thickets. There the night swallowed her. With great sinking of heart Jacqueline returned to her post beside St. George.

He had ceased to mutter. He lay motionless, silent. The bandages about his head gave him the appearance of a corpse. A flood of womanly pity and compassion rushed over Jacqueline as she looked down on him. At all hazards he must have medical help-he must be conveyed safely to Watchhaven!

Time dfagged on. Once a sea bird on the rocks startled her with a strange cry. Once she heard something moving outside the cave. She crept to the entrance and peered forth. A pathetic bleat saluted her ears. A gray shape was standing among the cedars. A sheep had strayed from the flock and crossed the channel at 'ow water. The lost creature was wandering around the cave like an innocent ghost.

Vic did not come! Jacqueline went often to the cave door - looked often at her watch. God grant no harm had befallen brave, loyal Vic! Oh, to face forth and seek her! But could she leave St. George? His enemies might fall upon him in her absence and finish the work of the preceding night. No! she would not forsake the helpless man, even for a moment. Her place was in the cave.

At last, a flying step-a swift shadow slipping through the moonlight! Vic, pale and panting, rushed into the cave. She had bundles in her hand, which she flung from her, recklessly, and grasping the fragment of mast, she jammed it like a wedge across-the opening.

ofter m for that. He's just behind and Joe Raby with him—they hunt in couples."

Instinctively, Jacqueline flew to St. George, and flung the blankets over his face, concealing him from sight.

"What have you in that kettle?" gasped Vic-"boiling water-good! got the oars all right, but had to drop 'em or be caught myself. Lord help us! Here they come!"

The tide had begun to rise in the channel. Two figures, one behind the other, splashed through it and ap-

proached the cave. "Hold there!" shouted Vic across the barrier of driftwood. "What do

Peter advanced a step or two alone, and answered:

"You jade! I've come to tell you that you're dismissed from Mr. Trevor's service."

"I've dismissed myself, Peter; it wasn't worth your while to bring me such news."

To be Continued.

Four Months' Annual Hurricane. In the ancient land of Seistan, on the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, an extraordinary wind blows in the summer. It is called the "Bad-isad-o-bist-roz," or wind of 120 days. Colonel Sir Henry McMahon, a British explorer, says of this wind: "It sets in at the end of May or the middle of June and blows with appalling violence and with little or no cessation till about the end of September. It always blows from one direction, a little west of north, and reaches a velocity of over seventy miles an hour.'

## Education Has Proved Value.

In a letter to the Boston Transcript favoring humane education in the public schools, a correspondent says: 'In one public school in London, England, where, in the course of twenty years, 7000 children, were given a thorough humane education (during this period, which would make many of these boys men of twenty-five and thirty-five), not one of them was ever arrested for a criminal offense, demonstrating the value of humane education to prevent crime, as well as cruelty."

## Old Bedies and Young Hearts.

I have been looking in the mirror at my worn, lined face. The tragedy of age for a woman! When the years take from her youth and beauty, why do they not take, too, her longing for love? Why do they mercilessly leave her with a young heart and a faded face?-From "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," in Everybody's.

"Women must learn to date their letters if they are going to compete with men," said Judge Edge, at Clerkenwell County Court, London.

Mattresses filled with paper are

## THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. A. H. C. MORSE.

Theme: The Lost.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- The Rev. Alfred H. C. Morse, B. D., pastor of the Strong Place Baptist Church, preached Sunday on "The Lost." He took his ext from Matthew 18:11: "For the 3on of Man is come to save that which

was lost." Dr. Morse said: During the summer I saw a Canadian city moved with a great anxiety because a lad had been lost in a neighporing wood. The papers published call for strong hearts to assist in the search, and 1500 men hunted the wood for two days and two nights. At last the boy was found, his clothes torn to shreds, his tongue swollen with thirst and himself almost famished with hunger. There was great rejoicing when this little lad was restored to his home.

It was something like this which Jesus had constantly in mind, and in a score of ways He illustrated the need of His work. A sheep was lost, and, of course, the shepherd searched for the sheep; a coin was lost, and the poor woman to whom it belonged was unable to sleep until she had swept every nook in her home and found it; a boy was lost, he had deliberately walked away from his home, but the father broke his heart with pining; the whole world had gone astray, and knew not the way of return, and therefore the need for His mission. He had come to seek and to save that which was lost. The scholars have recently been

giving their attention to what they have called "the psychology of sin," and it is interesting to see how their findings have conformed to the teaching of Jesus; this, of course, without His great simplicity. The biologist tells us that each little child passes through the physical development of the race, and that he actually carries in his own experience the entire history of his ancestors. Then the psychologist tells us there is the same recapitulation in the psychic life, and that each individual passes through the stages by which the race has attained to civilization, morality and right. It has taken the race uncounted milleniums to discover the balance of right, and to discern the things which are essentially good, but the child must achieve all this in the first few years of its life. There was a time when might was right, and when each person felt that what came into his hand was his own; there was a time when deception and cunning were as necessary to maintain one's right as locks and keys are necessary o-day; and so we might go through the whole catalogue of possible wrong. The scholar will tell us that the disposition to do these things is only the reappearance of primitive impulses, and that these things are non-moral; that they are simply starting points for the upbuilding of manhood, character and destiny. That the problem of the child is to steady himself past dangerous places to the place where right will be easy, and become the instinctive choice of the soul. How then do the moral anomalies appear? In this way: The liar, for instance, is simply the person who, in passing through the racial experience, has been permitted to linger on the level where deception was a common thing; that the habit is fixed and the person is living on the plane of an ancient and imperfect age; the thief, he is simply the person who in making this rapid review of the racial nce was permitted to linger at Jacqueline. "I tried to throw him the stage where each person thought off the scent, but he knew too much that all things were his if he could get them; and so with every other

possible wrong. The scholars also talk of the man who is "lost." By this they mean the man who began with some simple wrong, and has added to this again and again, till he can see no way of escape. He began with a simple untruth, and added to this for protection, and to this again to cover his shame, till he has built about him a world of falsehood in which he is actually lost. He can see no way to return, nor has he the courage to con-He is like a man lost in a wood. In this way the thief is lost. He began many years ago, when he took little trifles at home; he goes into business life, and other things are taken, till the habit is fixed and the poor man is lost in the maze of dishonesty. He is simply bewildered and beyond all return, and is "lost."

There is a vast deal of truth in these findings, and our hearts confirm what they say; but it was all taught more simply by Jesus. He said very much about the wanderings of men, and the lost estate into which they come. He said men go astray like sheep, which knows that the grass is weet, and that there is another tuft just ahead, and so, with its nose to the ground, it nibbled along till it was far from the path, and far from the shepherd's care and separated from the company of the rest of the flock, and lost on the side of the mountain. It was heedless and it

wandered away. There are people, He said, like that. They do not intend any especial wrong, but they simply follow their instincts, and live like the sheep, which has no foresight nor conscience and no sense of obligation. These people live without restraint upon their appetites, and unwittingly wander farther and farther away, till they find themselves in a hungry place.

I saw an instance like that during the summer. The fellow was young and had never been well cared for in his home. He simply knew that some

delights were sweet for the time. He wandered along with no thought of the end, till he was locked in the jail, where he lie's to-night. I visited him there and endeavored to help, but his return will be hard, and the scars he will always bear. Not a bad boy, but heedless and silly as a sheep; and there are ten thousand like him in this city to-night. If a man, who is meant to guide himself by intelligence and will and forethought and conscience and the eternal light of heaven, is willing to follow mere instinct as a sheep, he will come at length into a thirsty desert.

But the Master used another parable. He said that men fall into sin as a coin, heavy and round, rolls away into the dark and is lost. was not the coin which chose its ruin, but gravitation carried it off, and the coin had no power to resist.

This, said the Master, is a partial explanation of the wanderings of men. Some are born into dangerous circumstances; they are dealt with carelessly by others who ought to know better, and as a coin might be rolled from the hand of a woman, so people are rolled into ruin. There are people who seem to be powerless to resist their circumstances.

#### BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

The Catholic Church and the Amer-

ican Saloon. Since the drink habit is intimately

interwoven with the life-activity of the individual it falls within the scope of each one's conscience, and efforts for its repression will depend largely on the effect of an intelligent appeal to the moral nature of the individual. In this work of personal and social recognition, religion must play no minor role. Religion canno be divorced from the permament betterment of the masses; it must stand sponsor to every/successful effort to improve their condition and elevate their moral tone. But the great obstacle which bars the way to individual reformation is the ever-present saloon. Its door stands invitingly open to entice the unwary; its siren voice never ceases to allure its victims from the path of rectitude; its very presence is a silent but almost irre-sistible call to indulge in strong drink. The saloon is the plague spot of our National life; and hence it is that the Catholic Church is arrayed against it as an institution, which, as from Pandora's box, spread all the evils of the liquor traffic. The Catholic Church is the avowed and uncompromising enemy of the American saloon; and it desires most earnestly that this "pestilential evil" be wiped out entirely, that it may no longer

curse the race. Few people have any adequate idea of the enormous growth of the saloon business during recent years, and of the influence it wields in State and National affairs. More than fifteen hundred millions of dollars flow annually into the coffers of the American saloonkeeper; and who can doubt that this stream is crimsoned with the blood of vice and crime, and saturated with the salt tears of untold misery? Against this formidable foe the Catholic Church raises its voice in vigorous denunciation. The saloon would contend with the church for supremacy on American soil; it would, if it could, destroy her power, and glory in its emancipation from the restraint Therefore, which religion imposes. between the church and the saloon, there can be no truce, no compromise. Light and darkness cannot exist side by side.

The disorderly and disreputable practices which characterize the sa-loon traffic are the natural result of the system itself. The saloon is conducted solely for the money that is in the business. The more drink sold, the greater the profit. Hence the saloon fosters intemperance. "The American saloon," says Archbishop Ireland; "is responsible for the awful intemperance which desolates the land, and which is the physical and moral plague of our time. In the saloon is dealt out the drink which intoxicates, and there temptations to use it are deliberately planned and multiplied."

The glamor of the salcon enthralls and degrades its victims, pollutes the home-the nursery of childhood, the sanctity of womanhood—and menaces, if it does not undermine, the foundations of the social structure. Moreover, the saloon strikes at the very cornerstone of our rights as citizens by fastening itself on the body politic and placing its own welfare above that of the State and Nation. The saloon depends upon political corruption for its very existence. It makes no secret of the fact that it is in politics for the purpose of sending men to the halls of legislation to vote as it dictates. To accomplish this it turns over to its favorite candidate the votes of the idle, the purchasable and the vicious members of society. d corruntion have to such an extent that ever the brewers have reached the conclusion that the saloon ought to be divorced from politics. They realize that, in almost every State in the Union, it has entered into an alliance with the very worst element in the political arena; and in its withdrawal would undoubtedly improve the prospects for a cleaner and better conducted munici-

pal government. By reason of this alliance the saloon carries on its business in defiance of law. Moreover, the disreputable resort, the vaudeville saloon and the winercom are prolific parents of all kinds of criminality and immoral excesses. The United Brewers' Association, at its convention in Milwaukee last year, declared that "The saloon should not be used to foster the social evil, but should be entirely divorced from it." The environment of the saloon lends itself to the encouragement of the social evil because the two vices of drunkenness and social immorality are closely linked. Drink influences the passions and leads to excess.

## The Six-Bottle Man.

"Alcohol's effect on us depends on our use of it," said a physiologist. "It wasn't so very long ago that every man took with his breakfast a quar of beer; and from dinner right on to bedtime he drank on, on, on. He was called, according to his habit, a three-bottle man, a four-bottle man, yes, even a six-bottle man. And the bottle was a quart bottle, and its contents were port or Madeira!"-New

## A Desperate Champion.

Here is an amendment to one of the Prohibition bills recently before the Legislature of Iowa, offered by Senator DeAmand, liquor leader, apparently in desperation: Section Six -that on August 1, 1909, every saloon keeper found alive and in one package, shall be shot down under the general supervision of the Attorney General.'

## Temperance Notes.

Between the church and the saloon there can be no truce, no compromise. Light and darkness cannot exist side by side

Hundreds of thousands of poor wretches have been sacrificed upon the altar of liquor, and the time for a determined fight against the liquor industry has come.

The open saloon on Sunday is a great door of greed and irreligion, to bring men to slavery to Mammon and blot out the best traditions of Christian life and worship. The saloon stands for nothing good

in any community. The saloon has

never brought a blessing to a city, a home, or upon an individual. "Three or four breweries have gone out of business altogether as a result of the recent law in Ohio," declares Thomas F. Peckinpaugh, Chief

Deputy Revenue Collector in the Cleveland district. Boston pays twenty-nine cents per capita to support its jails. Prohibition Maine pays two cents per capita. If that fact doesn't make a mighty big financial problem out of the drink traffic we would like for some wiseacre to tell us why,



REJOICE TO-DAY.

Why should we cloud the sunshine God sends us to-day
By fearing that to-morrow
May have a sky of gray?
Why should we mar the blessings
The present has in store
By longing after others By longing after others Or wishing there were more?

Look on the bright side always. What better plan than this? Since fretting never changes What we think's gone amiss.

Let's take things as we find them,
And make the best of life
By thinking of its blessings
And not its wrong and strife.
Enjoy each hour of sunshine;
God gives it all in vain
If foolishly we weste it If foolishly we waste it, Foreboding future rain.

Look on the bright side always.
And watch the blessings grow
As flowers do in summer—
God likes to have it so.

Take what a good God sends you, With thanks for what is giv'n,
And trust Him for to-morrow
Just as you trust for Heav'n.
Aye, make the most, my comrade,
Of time that flies so fast,
By gathering up its gladness
Before the chance is past!

Look on the bright side always, And sing when skies are gray;
And little ills and worries—
Let's laugh them all away.
—Eben E. Rexford.

"The Top of the World." Nothing shall be impossible unto you.-Matthew, 17:20.

There is a new flag at the top of the world. It pleases our vanity that it is the Stars and Stripes, but it might have been Dutch or English or Russian, and the lesson would be the

.That new flag at the pole is man's belongs to mankind. It stands for the aspiring, bound-bursting, unconquerable spirit of man. And it is fresh illustration of the great phrase of this ancient Scripture, which forbids us to write the word "impossi-ble" against any undertaking.

Such is the first lesson of this new achievement. Who shall dare set limitations to man-flight, or bounds to his ambition, or brake to his soul? Not only is it true that what man has done he can do—he can do more, because he is older and bolder and better. Some day he will ask a still greater thing than Peary and Cook have asked or won. He will push his banner to the top of his own soul and claim a change of its climate.

perhaps, according to the testimony Yonder is no new territory worth annexing; no mines to work or furs to gather or forests to cut. There is the satisfaction of being able to say "I have arrived!" But there is more than that. The results of such defiant daring are to be sought in man himself. He is larger for having essayed so much. His undertaking has helped to "make his soul," as the French say. It is thus always. No pain or strain of heroism is wasted if it leave a "deposit from the Unseen" in the soul of man. For the

This latest triumph is prophecy, too. It harbingers a day when earth shall be one neighborhood-no north done for geography-the lover of mankind shall yet do for his race. We are still small, provincial, selfish. We are optimists according to the sarcas-tic suggestion that "an optimist is a man who does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to him." But that day must pass, will pass, is already passing. We are learning that no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself; that every man has a they all came to nothing. stake in every other man on earth; that we must open the world wide in order to save our own hearthstones

Seven centuries before Christ a half naked prophet glimpsed a golden age in which the "wilderness and solitary place shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose \* \* \* and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." That bright prophecy is coming true. I don't know that Cook or Peary has shortened the path to its consummation. But the new flag at the top of the world says that nothing worth while is impossible.-George Clarke Peck. D.D., St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, Manhattan, in Sunday Herald.

Take Yourself at Your Best. If the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ would make it a point to express what is best in their religious experience, and at the time they feel it most, chapters of happy surprises would fill the volumes they are making. To take ourselves at our best is no more than what we owe to ourselves. Thus we please God, most favorably impress our fellow-probationers, and do what is best for our souls that must give account for what they have thought, said and done .-Christian Advocate.

The Great Tradition. Human life is itself the great tradition. It has been handed down through parenthood, and when the parenthood is worthy the tradition is divine .- Rev. George A. Gordon.

"Give That to Me."

We are here on earth to be trained to give and not to grasp. We gain most by giving most. We lose by grasping. If we blindly refuse to give and insist on grasping God comes to us as a wise father to a greedy child and says: "Give that to Me. He comes to make us give because by giving only can we truly receive; not to take from us our joy, but that by giving to Flim we may receive more joy .- John Hopkins Denison,

Joker Starts a Strike. Because of a practical joker, 1100

employes of the General Electric Company became idle. A Polish laborer employed in the foundry had become obnoxious to the coremakers and molders because he poured sand down their backs and smeared their tools with grease. He was soundly thrashed by one of his victims and received a permanent leave of absence. The other laborers in the foundry refused to work unless he was reinstated, and in consequence the molders and coremakers could not proceed without helpers. The places were filled in a day or two.

# The Sunday = School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR DECEMBER 26. \_.

Subject: The Birth of Christ, Matt. 2: 1-12-Golden Text: Matt. 1:21

Commit Verses 11, 12 - Commentary on the Lesson. TIME.—4 B. C.
PLACES.—Jerusalem, Bethlehem.
EXPOSITION.—I. The Wise Men

Seeking Jesus to Worship Him, 1, 2. The certainty of God's Word comes

out remarkably in this passage. Seven

hundred years before Micah had prophesied that He that was "to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting," was to come forth out of Bethlehem (Mi4 cah 5:2). But she that was chosen to be the mother of Jesus did not live in Bethlehem, but far away Nazar-eth. But men who were utterly unconscious of God's purposes and prophecies, by many decrees and ways worked together so that Mary was brought to Bethlehem at the time of our Lord's birth, and thus God's Word was fulfilled and His eternal plan carried out (cf. Luke 2:1-6; Ps. 76:10). The sure word of prophecy, spoken over seven centuries before by a man who was "borne along by the Holy Spirit" was thus fulfilled to the very letter, in spite of all the cunning of great men. Through their very wickedness, God's purposes and words were fulfilled. These wise men from the East were the aucient magin They were students of the stars, astrologers; they sought to live up to the best light they had, and God met them where they were and gave them more light. It is always so; he that lives up to the light that he has will get more (cf. Acts 10:1-5, 30-32), but the man who refuses to live up to the light that he has will lose even that (Matt. 25:29; 2 Thess. 2:11. 12). As they studied the stars, God led them by a star. The bright light flag. It is more than national; it that led them on was dim, only starlight, but it was the best they had; and, as they followed it faithfully, God gave them fuller light, that of His revealed Word, and following that they find Him who is "the Light of the world" (John 8:12). In their earnestness to find the King, they took a long, weary journey, but their labor was abundantly rewarded. They made a far better use of their little light than the chief priests and

Him, 3-8. The tidings that came to Herod that the King was come should have brought him joy, but in reality they troubled him, for he wanted to be king himself. So many a heart today that ought to welcome Christ as But what better off are we with a King with joy is troubled at the dec-new flag at the pole? Not much, laration that Christ is King, for we wish to be king ourselves. But not only Herod was troubled, but al Jerusalem, as well. Jerusalem, the city of the great King, whose whole glory was to centre in Him, was unwilling to receive Him when He came; was troubled about His coming instead of rejoicing at it (John 1:11). How many in the church would be troubled if they knew Jesus was coming to-morrow. Herod thought the proper place to go for information about the Christ was to the Scriptures. In that he was right (John 5:39). If he had studied the Bible as he ought sake of his own soul each must push for himself it would not have been his flag to the top of the world. priests and scribes to tell him; but many kings and many common people instead of searching the Scripor south, no east or west in the relations and hearts and hospitalities of the theologians for their information. tures for themselves, depend upon man. What the Arctic explorer has Herod was very thorough in his search to find out about the Christ he gathered all the chief priests and all the scribes; he inquired diligently of the wise men; he told them to go and search diligently. He laid his plans with great skill; he was bound to make sure. He thought he had left no loophole in his schemes, but he had left God out of his calculations, so in spite of his thoroughness;

> started immediately to find the King whom they sought. Again God leads them by the star, and leads them to the very spot where the young child was. They were more accustomed to being led by stars than any other way, and God adapts His leading to our necessity. While Herod and Jerusalem had been troubled at the thought that Christ was come, the wise men of the East rejoiced with exceeding great joy to find Him. Those who enjoy the largest privila eges, oftentimes least appreciate them, and those who have the least light are most eager for more (cf. Matt. 8:10, 11). There is an eager-ness to hear about Christ to-day in heathen lands that is sometimes lack. ing in so-called Christian lands. There is no greater joy to the true hear! than that of finding Jesus. they entered the house they fell down and worshiped Jesus. They saw Mary, His mother, but they did not worship her. Worship may not have meant to them all that it means to us, but it is right to worship Jesus (Heb. 1:6). When they had worshiped they pre sented unto Him their gifts. That is the true order; first, worship, then giving. They gave Him their very best, gold and frankincense and myrrh (cf. Ps. 72:10, 11). They were wise men indeed. Many to-day give Him only their poorest. Note carefully the conduct of the wisd men: 1. They sought Jesus. 2. They found Jesus. 3. They rejoiced over Jesus. 4. They worshiped Jesus. 5, They gave gifts to Jesus. God now guides them by still another method;

III. The Wise Men Finding Jesus,

9-12. As soon as the wise men have

received the desired information they

Better Pay For Clergy. The annual convention of the Episcopal diocese of New York discussed the problem of securing more nearly adequate salaries for the poorly paid clergy of the rural districts. Bishop Greer said that "even in this wealthy diocese of New York City, there are many of our faithful pastors whose work is hampered by the struggle to

## meet necessary expenses."

Refused Miss Illington. Margaret Illington asked District Judge Pike, at Reno, Nev., who a few hours before had granted her a divorce from Daniel Frohman, to marry her to Edward J. Bowes. Judge Pike refused, saying: "It would appear rather peculiar, to say the least." The actress then had the knot tied by Justice of the Peace Soucereau.

## Ministerial Correspondence School.

A correspondence school for ministerial students is an inpovation which is to be started in connection with the Chicago Theological Seminary by the Congregational Church. Its establishment was decided upon at the eighteenth triennial convention of Congregational Churches held there.